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EVERMORE.

THEY whom we loved and lost so long ago
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe,
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carollings soar.
Eternal peace have they;
God wipes their tears away,
They drink that river of life which flows for Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But lo! the wide winds of the Seraphim
Shine in the sunset: On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago;
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for Evermore.

—Dublin University Magazine.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEA."

THE city of Venice, often called "the Queen of the Sea," is one of the most beautiful cities in Italy, and is built on a number of small islands in the Adriatic Sea.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Venice was at the height of its power and splendor. Its Chief Magistrate was called a Doge, and, though the Government was Republican, there was very much more splendor and pomp than in our day.

The palace of the Doge still stands as one of the monuments of that time, very interesting to travelers, and the famous "Bridge of Sighs," spanning the canal, joins the palace with the prisons.

Some of you may have read Byron's lines:

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand."

Persons accused of crimes against the State were tried in the palace before the Doge, and after they were sentenced, the criminals were taken across the "Bridge of Sighs" to the dungeons, where they remained until their execution. So this bridge was indeed well named.

The Church of San Marco, or St. Mark, was built at a very early date, and was improved and enlarged at intervals during several centuries. Its gigantic clock has been the wonder of many ages, and its beautiful steeple or "campanile," as the Italians call it, can be seen for miles against the clear sky, with an angel's figure poised on its summit. The church and the buildings connected with it occupy a whole square.

On the roofs of these lives a colony of doves or pigeons, who build their nests and rear their young undisturbed. Pigeons have for centuries been protected by the keepers of the church. It was an ancient custom, dating as far back as A. D. 877, for the sacristans or sextons, after the service on Palm Sunday, to let loose a number of pigeons, fettered with strips of paper. The people were allowed to catch as many of these birds as they could, and fatten them to eat on Easter Sunday. As many pigeons as escaped and took refuge on the roof of the church were protected, as belonging to the sacred edifice, and were fed at the expense of the Republic. During all the wars and troubles, and until the downfall of this Government in May, A. D. 1797, these little birds were cared for, and lived their happy lives, unconscious of confusion around them. They were very tame, and would feed from the hands of those accustomed to throw them their daily portion of grain. After the Republic was done away with, and the palace of the Doges was unoccupied, a pious lady left a bequest to continue the supply to the pigeons. This lady was of the Cornaro family, once high in esteem in Venice. As there were a number of sacristans of San Marco, the feeding of the pigeons was intrusted to some members of their families, their wives or daughters.

One of the most interesting features of Venetian life were the festivals which occurred every year, and served to keep in remembrance certain events in the history of the city. Among these was one kept annually for centuries called "La Festa della Marie," and this is the incident it commemorates: In very old times, it was the custom in Venice to have all the marriages among the nobles and chief citizens celebrated on the same day, and in the same church in the eastern part of the city, on a little island called Olivolo, where the Bishop lived. On the day of the *fete* elegant gondolas were seen on the waters, carrying people dressed in holiday attire to the appointed place, and the young couples landed to the sound of sweet and joyous music. The jewels and other presents given to the brides were carried in the procession, and a long train of friends, relatives and attendants came after.

In A. D. 933 an event happened at this ceremony which came very near ending tragically for the happy lovers. The pirates of Istria, a neighboring country, were in the habit of scouring the Adriatic, and were the terror of all the cities on the coast. Always alert for plunder, they decided that the time of the Venetian wedding feast would be a favorable one to enrich themselves very easily. Near to Olivolo was a small island, at that time uninhabited, and here, the day before the *fete*, the wily Istriotes concealed themselves and their light vessels.

The next day, the gay companies passed slowly along to the church, unconscious of danger. The services began, and the espoused couples stood before the altar. Then suddenly the Istriote pirates, swift as arrows, rowed their boats into the harbor where the gay procession had just disembarked. In the midst of the solemn service, the doors of the church were thrown open and the dark-bearded pirates rushed in. With their drawn swords in their hands, they made their way to the altar, and, snatching up the terrified brides, they rushed to their boats, not forgetting to secure the caskets with the bridal gifts. Before the horrified bridegrooms and guests could realize what had happened, the robbers were carrying their prize, with swift and steady strokes, toward the shores of Istria. The Doge was assisting at the ceremonies; but, rushing from the church, he called on all to follow, till the number of citizens soon swelled to hundreds, as they ran to the wharf, shouting for vengeance.

There were several ships in the harbor, and they hastily embarked. Every sail was unfurled, and they started in pursuit of the pirates and their precious booty. The wind being favorable, they overtook them in the lagoons, or low water near the shore. It was not to be expected that any quarter would be given to the robbers. The girls were restored unhurt to their lovers, and all the jewels were recovered. It is said that every pirate was fettered and thrown headlong into the sea, not one escaping to tell the story to his countrymen.

Another gorgeous festival at Venice was the marriage of the city to the Adriatic Sea. It was celebrated every year on Ascension Day, and this, too, had its origin in an historical event. In A. D. 1170, Pope Alexander III. was driven from Rome by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, or Red-beard, and he took refuge in Venice, where he was received with great respect and affection. The Emperor demanded that the republic should give him up; but the request was refused.

Barbarossa then sent a fleet of seventy-five galleys, under the command of his son, Otho, with orders to destroy all that came in their way. The Doge had only forty galleys; but he was an expert seamen, and drove the Emperor's fleet off the coast and took Otho prisoner. After this battle, peace was made, and Frederick consented to come to Venice to be reconciled with the Pope.

To reward the Venetians for their services, the Pope bestowed on them the sovereignty of the Adriatic Sea, and presented the Doge with a ring, saying, "Receive this as a symbol of your sovereignty, and celebrate your espousals with the sea every year."

This *fete* on Ascension Day was a universal holiday. The poor and the rich put on their gayest dresses and went to witness the marriage of the Doge with the sea. The bells of the city rang from daybreak their most joyful chimes, the canals were thronged with gondolas ornamented with banners. In one of the largest harbors, called La Piazzetta, was anchored a large vessel, called the "Bucentaur," which belonged to the Doge. The crew were chosen from among the strongest and handsomest of the Venetian seamen. The prow of the ship was gilded and ornamented with figures, and in the center was a crimson-velvet tent embroidered with gold, above which floated the flag of San Marco. When the hour of noon sounded, the door of the church was thrown open and a grand procession moved forth. First came eight standard-bearers with the flags of the Republic in red, blue, white and violet, and six men with silver trumpets; then came the officers in the service of the Doge, dressed in their State robes. Next followed the musicians, and a deacon carrying a large wax taper sent by the Pope, and men bearing the throne and cushions of the Doge. The City Magistrates made part of the procession, and, lastly, the Doge himself, in his ducal robes, his mantle of ermine fastened with gold buttons, his robes of blue and cloth of gold; his head covered with the ducal cap of Venice, over which was a crown of gold sparkling with precious stones. The procession advanced slowly up the quay and embarked on the "Bucentaur," with the Admiral of the Venetian fleet at the helm. As they drew up the anchors, all the bells in the city poured forth their most joyful sounds. The large vessel went slowly on, surrounded by numerous smaller barges and gondolas, all filled with people gayly dressed. After the fleet had advanced some distance into the Adriatic, the Doge rose from his throne, walked to the prow of the vessel on a raised gallery, and threw into the blue waves a gold ring, saying, "We espouse thee, O Sea, in sign of real and perpetual sovereignty." Then the Doge and his suite attended service in the church at San Nicolas on another island, called Lido, and the fleet returned to Venice, where the grand personages attended a sumptuous repast at the ducal palace.

—H. G. Gray, in St. Nicholas.

HUMOROUS.

EVERY man has his own reputation to make, and that is why so many men make such poor ones.—*Whitehall Times.*

THE man who has not heard the donkey's matin song knows but little of the possibilities of vocal music.—*Boston Transcript.*

DURING the heated term, when the whole system is relaxed and prostrated, there is no organ that remains in perfect health and activity like the hand organ.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A SPOONEY, newly-married couple of Chautauqua were overheard billing and cooing. He—"What would dovey do if pidgee died?" She—"Dovey'd die, too." Emetics were at a discount among the listeners.—*Oil City Derrick.*

SPORTSMAN: There is no law to prevent a farmer from tying a pair of deer-horns upon a calf's head and turning it loose in the woods and then making you pay full value for the critter, but you are justified in telling him that it is a low-down trick.—*Boston Post.*

JOHNNY'S mamma had been telling Johnny the story of "Cinderella and the Little Glass Slipper." Johnny said nothing when she had ended, and seemed lost in thought. "Why, Johnny," said his mamma, "what are you thinking about?" "I was thinking," said he, quite soberly, "I wish you could wear Cinderella's little glass slipper. It was so little it could'n't hurt much, and if you hit hard it would break." As his mamma afterwards said, Johnny is a queer boy.—*Boston Transcript.*

A HEARTLESS man out on West Hill, the father of a family, a taxpayer and a member of the church, who ought to know better, did a mean thing last Sunday night. His daughter and the particular young man came home from church, and of course "he" just dropped in for a moment, and when the young people entered the parlor the gas was turned up, and there on the back of the big rocking-chair they read a staring placard, "Two in one you can't." And the young man said he always did hate mathematics.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"IN scatterin' dis meetin'," said Brother Gardner, "let me say to you, dat some of de biggest an' bes' lookin' watermelyons in market am a fraud when you come to sot down to injoy 'em. It's de same way wid men. Dey look purty, an' dey talk squar', but git 'em down to de pinch an' dey go back on you. Befo' you buy a melyon plug it. Befo' you put faith in a man watch if he am willin' to crowd 'long in a street kyar—if he'll sheer his umbrella in a rainy day—if he kin wait two minits at de pos'-office winder widout sw'arin'—if he wants all de clothes in de fam'ly on his own back—if he kin h'ar de cry of a lone chile as quick as de voice of a man axin' him to drink. Dat's all, an' we will now softly recede homewards."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

IT is said that Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, has accepted a United States Consulate in Japan.

LADY BURDETT-COUTTS is described as being rather large and having white hair and a slightly florid complexion.

SIX poets who have passed threescore and ten: Longfellow, Tennyson, Hugo, Whittier, Browning and Holmes.

A NEW VOLUME of Charles Dickens' sketches has been made up in London under the title of "The Mudfog Papers."

MISS ADA C. SWEET, the young lady who has held the office of United States Pension Agent at Chicago for six years past, is pretty and has a decided talent for managing.

BILL ARP is about to start on a lecture tour in the South, his subject being "Dixie Now and Dixie Then." Arp's real name is Charles H. Smith, and he is an elder in the Presbyterian Church.

A BOSTON correspondent says Joaquin Miller looks tamer than he used to. His hair no longer spreads over his coat collar, and his costume is quieter than it used to be. But he has the gloomy, dreamy aspect of old, and he is one who cannot pass unnoticed along the busy streets.

BARON HICKEY HARDEN, the Irish-American editor of the satirical paper *Triboulet*, who was recently expelled from France, is said to be very rich and to take pride in paying fines for offenses against the press censorship. His last offense, a cartoon representing the three Presidents in sailor's dress and in a state of semi-inebriety dancing a hornpipe, was held to be too flagrant for his favorite method of expiation.

A FRIEND of Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," tells how the poet found his wife: Mr. Arnold was in the British museum one day, when his attention was arrested by a picture of Perugino's which a beautiful young lady was copying. Presently the face of the fair woman, in his eyes, grew more charming in the work of Perugino, and Mr. Arnold did not rest until Miss Fanny Channing, the daughter of the Rev. W. H. Channing, of London, had become the central charm of his own home.

OF Miss Neilson Mr. Labouchere says in *Truth* that she was "born in the neighborhood of Leeds, of an English father and a gypsy mother, and first appeared as an actress at the Royalty theater in 'Romeo and Juliet.' In personal looks she was one of the few really beautiful women of the present generation, and to this was allied much charm of manner, for she—unlike many pretty women who consider that their beauty gives them a right to claim homage—had a perfect passion to please all with whom she came in contact. I knew her well for years, and I do not remember one single instance in which she ever said an ill word of man or woman. She was entirely exempt from all the petty jealousies of her sex and of her profession."

Blunders of Telegraphy.

A WRITER on "some recent advances in telegraphy" gives the following amusing instances of blunders caused by the alteration of dots and dashes in the code now in use. A dot will convert the word "save" into "rave," "pound" is easily transposed into "found," and the words "dead" and "bad" are made up of precisely the same number of dots and dashes, the only difference being the insertion of a space. After reading this, none will be surprised that, when a party of young ladies was announced as having "arrived all right," the message was delivered as "arrived all tight," and that also, when a husband went to the seaside to secure apartments, and arranged with his wife that if he found apartments he would telegraph for her to come, but if unsuccessful would return home, his telegraphed, "Home to-night," but she received the message, "Come to-night," and the result was that they crossed on the road. Again, a gentleman was out of town and his only child was at home unwell—with the measles, he suspected; his wife telegraphed, "Rash all gone," but he received a message, "Cash all gone."

A BENEVOLENT Englishman offers $250 for the best essay on the medical means of counteracting the effects of opium smoking in China.